

ARAUCANIANS HAVE SOME QUEER CUSTOMS

Visit to Reservations of the Bravest of All South American Indians.

ABOUT THEIR RUDE HOMES
Farming Is Done by White Men Under Red Overseers, and American Machinery Is Used—Strange Methods of Cooking.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
Temuco, Chile.

TEMUCO is one of the live towns of Southern Chile. It is about 4,000 miles south of Panama, situated in a wooded country back from the coast. When I first visited it, about fifteen years ago, it was on the edge of the frontier. It was surrounded by Indians, and its wide streets, lined with log cabins, were rivers of mud. The country roads were almost impassable, and the stumps still stood in the streets. To-day Temuco has more than 20,000 population, and it is an up-to-date South American city. Its one-story houses of brick and stone are covered with stucco, painted in the brightest colors, and they stand upon wide streets, well paved with cobblestones. The streets cross one another at right angles. The town is laid out in checkerboard fashion, with a large plaza in the center. The plaza is filled with flowers and trees, and the band plays there on a Sunday.

Temuco is the chief supply point of an extensive farming district. The chief crop is wheat, and much of it is planted and harvested with American machinery. There are many large stores, and in them I see plows from Moline and windmills from Chicago. The International Harvester Company does a big business at this end of the continent. Its threshers and reapers are to be frequently seen, and much of the machinery is moved by American engines. At the same time, the old traps on the heels of the new. The ox cart crowds the automobile, and cattle, yoked by their horns, toil through the streets pulling great loads. The place is a mixture of savagery and civilization. The streets are filled with well-dressed men and women of a half dozen nationalities, and there are also Indians in ponchos and Indian girls riding astride, galloping along on their ponies.

The Indians of Temuco are the famed Araucanians. They have reservations nearby, and their farms lie in blocks surrounded by those of new settlers from Europe and of the modern Chileans. The rude homes of the Indians are scattered about the town. I have visited several of the reservations and have watched them reaping their grain with American reapers and threshing it with American threshers. I have met some of the bravest, and a few of the squaws, and have therefore, able to give a faint moving picture of the last of the race as it is in its good year 1914.

But first, let me say a word of the Araucanians of the past. You have all heard of the Incas, who once ruled from Ecuador far down into Chile. They had in their dominion Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and the northern part of this country. They tried to capture the south, but when they reached the lands of the Araucanians they were met by the decree, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The Araucanians kept the Incas but of about all the land now Santiago, and it is claimed now that they were never really conquered by either the Incas or whites.

There is no race which has caused the Spaniards so much trouble as the Araucanians. For three generations they waged a successful war against the Spaniards, and they kept their forts and besieging his cities. They killed Pedro Valdivia, the man who founded Santiago, and it was only by inch by inch that his successors drove them toward the south. When they were finally overpowered by great numbers they refused to be the slaves and hirelings of the conquerors. They continued their fighting, off and on, and today they maintain their own identity. I have their own farms, and they lead lives apart from the descendants of the white-skinned invaders who robbed them of the empire they once possessed. I have met some of the Araucanian possessors comprised the best part of the Chile of to-day. Much of it was farmed by them. They grew crops of corn and potatoes, and in the far north they had vine and grapes which they got from the Incas.

The Araucanians of that day were very much like our Indians of Eastern North America. They did a little farming, but most of them lived by hunting and fishing. They were warlike Indians, and were always ready to fight for their rights. When the Spaniards came in the armies raised against them were large. Valdivia was frequently attacked by thousands of Indians, and at one time an army of 10,000 Araucanians besieged Santiago. That was about fifty years after the discovery of America. The Spaniards and surrounded the city with palisades, but the Indians tore them down and set fire to the houses. Indeed, it was only through the leadership of these Spaniards, a beautiful girl, who might be called the Joan of Arc of Chile, that the Spaniards of this part of the world were not then wiped from the face of the earth. This girl was the mistress of the commander Valdivia. In his absence she assumed the leadership of the troops. She put on a coat of mail, and with her little Spanish army drove the Indians back. During the siege she captured six of the Indian chiefs, and it is said she cut off their heads with her own hands.

During the wars with the Araucanians the Spaniards had not the same experiences that our forefathers had in the days of the colonists. The Indians surrounded the settlements and killed every white man they could get away from his fellows. The Indians and the Spaniards up in Santiago and forced them to live on rats and the roots of wild plants. The Spaniards had their starving times similar to those that our colonists had at Jamestown, and during one of these Valdivia, who was the Captain John Smith of Chile, wrote to Charles V. of Spain that fifty grains of corn were a good day's ration, and that the corn was eaten, both meal and bran. Valdivia carried his fighting far south of Temuco. It was right here that he was once attacked by 40,000 warriors, and saved himself only by charging the Indians with a company of cavalry. The Indians were frightened by the horses, and in the battle a thousand of them were killed and 100 were taken prisoners. In former campaigns the Indians had tortured the whites, and Valdivia, in order to terrify them, ordered that the right hands and noses of the prisoners should be cut off. After that they were allowed to go back to their tribes.

Fighting of this kind went on for years, and during it Valdivia was captured and tortured to death. He was carried, naked and bound, through the woods to an Indian camp, and certain authorities say that the Araucanians poured molten gold down his throat. But the story of these Indian wars would take many pages. The bravest

A GLIMPSE AT SOME OF THE INHABITANTS



A Warrior of the Days of Valdivia ~ ~ ~

had their great chiefs in the persons of Lautaro and Caupolicán, now honored by statues in the Chilean capital. It is enough to say that they were gradually subdued by the Spaniards, and their lands were taken from them just as we have taken the lands of our Indians. They are much like our Indians now, being settled upon reservations or upon individual farms, which they are not permitted to sell. The race of the past has been decimated by drunkenness and disease, and it grows fewer every year. It comprises now less than 75,000, and of these about 20,000 are scattered over the Province of Temuco and the country adjoining.

Most of the holdings are in reservations set aside by the government. The lands are not held in common, but are divided among the families, so many acres being given to each person. A baby gets the same amount of land as an old man of sixty. If one of the family dies there is a new subdivision of the land allotted to that family, and if the whole family disappears the lands revert to the government. Most of the holdings are patriarchal. The oldest male member of the family controls the property, and when he dies another is selected to take his place. The people have a loose tribal relation and are practically ruled by their chiefs under the Chilean government.

During my stay I have visited some

of these Araucanian reservations. The land about is rolling, and that of the Indians is comparatively free from trees. It looks not unlike parts of Ohio and Indiana, and there is nothing to indicate that it is on another continent, and more than a thousand miles south of the equator. The soil is a rich black loam, much of which is now covered with wheat ready for harvest. I am surprised at the extent of the Indian farms and the crops. The farms are mostly worked by the whites or half-breeds, who are hired by the Indians for a share of the crop. On one Araucanian farm I saw a white

man plowing and upon another an intelligent Chilean was threshing wheat, using an American thrasher. That Indian farmer had about 200 acres in wheat, and his sons were harvesting this with the aid of white men. They used McCormick binders, pulled along through the fields by oxen, yoked to a chain by their horns. The heads of the grain dropped into a wagon, in which they went to the thrasher. In this work a white Chilean did the driving, and the Indians urged the oxen onward with goads, tipped with iron. The oxen were so cruelly treated that the blood ran down their

backs. The white driver told me that he got a percentage of the crop for his work.

On the edge of this wheat field were a number of Indian huts. Every family had a half dozen dogs, which rushed at me when I came near. At the same time the women scolded and the men scowled as I took photographs of the girls. The Araucanian houses are seldom more than fifteen feet square. Their walls are of boards and their ridge roofs of thatch. There are no windows, and the light comes through the rude door at the front. There are no yards or gardens about the houses, and no conveniences of any description. The only furniture is a bed made of poles, or two or three beds in one, the man has more than one wife which is by no means uncommon. In one of the huts I found a wife, who cooked for her own brood of children. The floor of the hut was another Earth, and it was covered with farming utensils and clothing, and saddles and harness. From the rafters hung ears of corn, strings of onions and long strips of dried meat. The place looked like a junk shop.

The sleeping arrangements of this home consisted of two closetlike rooms, partitioned off from the body of the hut by poles and skins. In each was a low platform covered with sheepskins. Each platform was the sleeping place of one of the wives and her share of the children.

I was interested in the cooking. These fires were in holes in the ground inside the huts, and the smoke was so thick that it could be felt. It had blackened the walls and roof, and when I took hold of a rafter my hand was covered with soot. The cooking utensils were iron pots, and the stoves were made of stones. Each pot had a stew, consisting of mutton cut up in small pieces and seasoned to taste. They were roasting potatoes and green corn in the ashes, and the smell was delicious. A great deal of red pepper is used, and it is said that they have a way of killing a sheep and pepping it, and salting its lungs while it is dying. They hang the sheep up by its four legs and stuff the windpipe with this salt and pepper. While the animal gasps under the treatment, they cut the jugular vein and a stream of blood is turned into the windpipe in such a way that it washes the salt and pepper into the lungs. After the death of the sheep, its lungs are taken out and eaten raw, having thus been seasoned to taste. At all meals the men are served first. The women act as the waiters, and eat what is left.

The Araucanians look much like the North American Indians. They are about the best type of the Redden of this Continent, and their features are much stronger than those of the Ay-maras or Quichuas, who live high up in the Andes. The younger men are straight and well formed. The girls are good looking, and when young they are plump. They age rapidly, however, and at forty they have as many wrinkles as a withered apple. These women have copper complexions and jetblack hair. They have square faces with low foreheads and high cheekbones. They are proud of their hair, which is long, straight and black. They bind it up in two braids and wear it down their backs or tied around the crown of the head, so that the braids stand out like horns over the face. The braids are often decorated with silver beads,

and their ends are sometimes joined by a strand of silver balls. The Araucanians are fond of jewelry, and as in many semisavage countries, the jewelry of the women is the savings bank of the family. The most common ornaments are of silver made in earrings and breastpins. Some of the earrings are of solid silver plates as large as a playing card, with ear-hooks attached, others are disks. Some of the women have silver chains around their necks, and others have their breasts decorated with silver beads. They have also rings on their fingers and beads of silver sewed to the red cloth on their ankles. In the thrashing scene which I have described, the bags were held by an Indian girl who wore a silver breastpin as big as my two hands; and another nearby had on a coronet of silver coins. These girls wore short skirts and waists, and they had also bright colored blankets over their shoulders fastened with silver buckles in front. The Indian men delight in bright-colored ponchos.

The most of the Araucanians drink to excess. I saw some who were so drunk that they were unable to stand. A chronic of silver coins. These girls were short skirts and waists, and they had also bright colored blankets over their shoulders fastened with silver buckles in front. The Indian men delight in bright-colored ponchos.

There is some Christian work going on among the Araucanians. The Catholics have one mission and the British and Canadian Protestants have two. There are mission stations at Temuco, Quere, and Cholchal, with churches, hospitals, and industrial schools. The missionaries have translated Genesis, the Acts and a part of the book of Revelation into the Araucanian language, and have reduced that language to writing. The Araucanians themselves have no literature, but they have traditions, which have come down from generation to generation. Many of them hold to the superstitions of their forefathers, believing in the Great Father and in good and evil spirits. They think every man has a good spirit and an evil spirit always with him, and that these two spirits keep up a constant fight for his soul. The evil spirit is supposed to follow him even to his grave. For this reason, a dead man is seldom buried at once, and when he is put into the grave the people make noises to frighten the evil spirits away. There are medicine men and witch doctors, who are supposed to be able to ward off the evil spirit, and to keep it from harming a man and his crop. The witch doctor is always called in when the Indian grows sick, and if he should recover it is supposed to be due to the skill of the doctor. If not, the doctor claims that the patient has been bewitched and he may point out the man or woman who has bewitched him. In the latter event, the relatives of the deceased are liable to attack the person so charged.

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GORDONSVILLE

GORDONSVILLE, VA., November 23.—R. E. Batten, of Washington, who has been several days this week at the home of J. E. Huff, near here.

W. H. Martin, of Greens Farm, Conn., has been spending the week the guest of his hosts, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin, in South Gordonsville.

E. L. Millon was in Burkville this week on business.

E. D. Niehl was on a business trip to Richmond Wednesday.

Misses Pearl and Grace Davenport spent several days this week at the home of J. E. Huff, near here.

Several days this week in Richmond, the guests of their uncle, B. M. Davenport, are Mrs. A. R. Collins and children, of Richmond, and Mrs. J. E. Huff, in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lantry have returned from their wedding trip to Northern Ohio, and are now at home to their friends on Main street.

Will Holliday, of Charleston, W. Va., spent several days this week with his mother, Mrs. J. E. Huff, in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Huff, of this week, visit among relatives and friends in Louisa County.

Mrs. Sidney Wood has returned from a trip of several weeks to the coast of Florida in Memphis, Tenn.

J. C. Ross, Jr., visited his aunt, Mrs. B. J. Shirley, in Waynesboro, this week.

E. E. Fopper, of Charlottesville, was the guest this week of his sister, Mrs. E. W. Bowen.

Miss Mabel Jeffries spent the week-end with her parents at Toano.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bates, of Mount Laurel, Md., spent several days this week at the home of J. E. Huff, near here.

Miss Nellie Brown, of Jacksonville, Fla., spent several days this week with her mother, Miss Lillie Martin, in South Gordonsville.

Miss Mattie Wynn spent several days this week with her parents at Toano.

Mrs. A. C. Smith has returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Richmond.

Miss Viola King has returned to her home in Fluvanna, after a pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. T. Slaughter.

Miss Mary Newman is spending some days with her father, near Orange.

E. M. Clark was in Richmond several days this week.

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Just a Few Gift Suggestions

That Combine Desirability and Economy

No need of depriving any one this Xmas. Our Liberal Credit provides a way to make every one happy with gifts that they will prize the most without the scrimping and saving usually prevalent at this season. A dollar or two is all you need to complete your gift purchases for the entire family here. Come in and see for yourself to-morrow. Take advantage of these Extra Specials, too!

A Suggestion for Sister's Gift!

A Ladies' Desk
makes a most acceptable present. We have a wide variety of styles in quartered oak, golden oak, fumed oak and mahogany. Equipped with every convenience.

SPECIAL
Full size, Solid Oak Desk, nicely finished throughout: **\$3.95**
to-morrow through-out.
Other styles to \$60.00.

Special! This Magnificent 15-inch, Near-Cut Glass Punch Bowl and 12 Footed Glasses

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Rich deep facets, exquisite pattern—makes a superb gift for any one. Could not be duplicated elsewhere at double this price. We were able to secure a limited quantity only, so come in early and get yours. The bowl is made of extra heavy crystal glass, fitting into a base or pedestal. The glasses are of particularly pleasing design.

See these sets displayed in our showcase in doorway.

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A Chifforobe

will afford him supreme satisfaction. A Combination Chifforobe and Wardrobe, with convenient drawers and cupboards for linens, ties, shaving utensils, etc., on one side and a roomy closet, equipped with hangers for clothes, on the other. We have them in various styles in golden oak and mahogany. The prices range from

\$16.50 to \$60

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Royal Easy Chairs
"Push The Button and Rest"

make splendid presents for all. So restful and adjustable to any desired position. Time cannot dim the grateful recollection of the recipient of this royal token of love.

\$10.95

upward will buy one of these "solid comfort" chairs. A wide variety of styles in all woods, with soft cushioned coverings of plush, or choice leather and genuine leather to choose from here.

Royal Easy Chairs
THE PUSH-BUTTON CHAIR

A Big Brass Bed Special
This **Full Size Brass Bed**

\$6.95

A particularly pleasing design. Heavy 2-inch posts, with twelve large size fillers. Guaranteed construction. Choice of bright or satin non-tarnishing lacquer finishes. Grasp this big value now.

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are certain to bring pleasure to the reader or student. Our holiday assortment is greater this season than ever before, in style and design is here. Priced at

\$3.75

upward. It will pay you to come in and look them over now. There's many a happy suggestion for making some one happy here.

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Child's Desk and Chair

\$1.98

Strong and durable. Suitable for children up to 10 years old. Has fitting lid with roomy place for papers, pencils, etc. A regular \$3.00 value; specially priced for this week's selling.

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